
A

S A T Y R

Upon a late Pamphlet,

Entituled,

A Satyr against Wit.

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Upon a late Subject

Entitulay

A Satyry Against
Wise

A
SATYR

Upon a Late
PAMPHLET

Entituled,

A Satyr against Wit.

by D^r B^r lackmore

*Semper Ego Auditor tantum? Nunquamne reponam?
Angliaci toties vexatus carmine codri?*

D: May: 1702 9m

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year MDCC.

Price 4 d.

A

SATYR

Upon a True

PAMPHLET

Entituled

A Satyr against Wi

tho' the Author himself is unknowne
and his name unknowne.

London

Printed in the Year MDCCL

Price 4d

S A T Y R
 Upon a late Pamphlet,
 Entituled,
 A Satyr against Wit.

WHO can unmov'd in stupid silence sit,
 And see condemn'd the Nation's glory, Wit?
 Its Fame oppress'd, and tuneful Champions grown
 Objects of Satyr for a Rhyming Scandal?
 Were not in view his fenceless gingling Aim,
 Britain had gain'd more Honour, he less Shame;
 How can so Dull, so Infamous a Birth,
 Bring less than Scandal on his Native Earth?

B

He,

He, like the sacrilegious Wretch of Old,
 Rather than not do something Great and Bold,
 Dares to pollute, and strike at *Wit Divine*,
 'Tis not *Diana's*, but *Apollo's Shrine*.

Wit is a Radiant Spark of Heav'nly Fire,
 Full of Delight, and worthy of Desire;
 Bright as the Ruler of the Realms of Day,
 Sun of the Soul, with in-born Beauties gay;
 Crowded with Rivals, like a charming fair,
 And those that cannot gain, no railing spare:
 So grew Invectives from a Scribler's Brains,
 Whose Person shews more Satyr than his Strains;
 His mere Creation's for Lampoon design'd,
 His blushing Labels few; Himself, Mankind,
 Tho' He pretends to Write, yet fears to own,
 It must be ^{lackmore} ~~seen~~ by his tumbling Tone; OH ^W
 Like a Young Sinner, Conscious, and Asham'd,
 Fain he denies, yet will not be reclaim'd;
^{lackmore} ~~seen~~ B^W, a Witling, Quack, or any thing
 To turn the Penny, and to vent his Sting;
 When Physick fails, to Verse the Doctor flies;
 In Coffee-house, and Street, his Genius tries; ^{seen} ~~seen~~ ^W
 Why.

Why should he take such pains to let us know?
 His Book confirms what Preface aims to shew:
Blackmore, whose Name and Nature seem ally'd;
 Who can wash white, what has so long been dy'd?
 Spotted with Sturs his Infancy began,
 And so from Child, it handed Him to Man.

His tawny Kinsman of the neither Cline,
 Not labours more to Damn, than He to Rhime;
 His far-fetch'd sounds invenom'd spite disclose,
 And, like him, basely grasps at Friends or Foes;
 'Twixt Pen and Potion is his Time assign'd,
 This mortifies the Body, That the Mind;
 Both to Tormenting make some vile pretence,
 One Tortures Souls, and other Limbs and Sence,
 In one thing more their Nauseous Tempests hit;
 That, Scoffs at Goodness; This, at Sacred Wit.

Wit, of all things, the sweetest, and the best,
 By most is fanci'd, but by few possest;
 Were it by all, Fate would have nought to try;
 Those it descend to, can never dy;

Who,

Who, but a **Muse**, is deathless in **Renown**?
 Warriors expire, Kings have a fading **Crown**;
 In After-Ages Poets seem to **Breath**,
 Their **Laurels** flourish in **despight** of **Death**;
 Fame bears 'em on her **Wings** from **Pole** to **Pole**,
 The World contains their **Wonders**, **Heav'n** their **Soul**.

Wit was the Darling of the **Ancient Days**,
 Admir'd, and Crowd with never-ending **Praise**;
 Tyrceus more, than *Spartan* Troops, Atchiev'd,
 Whar Weapons lost, all conquer'd. **Wit** retriev'd:
 Hence *Sophocles* at *Athens* famous grew;
 No sooner Poet, but Commander too;
 So great, so lov'd, were Chois of *Phabus* then,
 They staid from Arms to use the Nobler Pen;
Horace at *Rome* was grac'd with like Success,
 Equal his Merit, nor his Fortune less;
 Victorious, Brave, and Wise, those Nations were,
 Yet **Wit** receive'd a gen'rous Usage there,
 Must *Britain* only Treat it with **Disdain**,
 And all but Wits, securely happy reign!

While Juggling Quacks, and Noisy Lawyers thrive;
 Must Herds of Poets scarce be kept alive?
 Must all *Parnassus* prove a barren shore?
 And that Name *WIT*, portend the Name of Poor?
 Such is their Casual, would be, constant Fate;
 Could Impious ~~B-^{ackmore}~~ sway and change the State;
 What daily Massacres of *Wit* he'd make?
 And merely ruin all for Envy's sake?
 He, Gyant-like, would Heav'n-born *Wit* assails,
 Tugging out Hundred Vocal Tools to scale;
Just so Ambition's Apes their pow'r employ,
 And what exceeds their reach, would fain destroy.

But God-like *William* loaths his awkward Strain;
 He rules *Parnassus*, and rewards its Train;
 His piercing Eye that well-known Truth descries,
 Empire and Poesy together rise; Rofe.
Wit Courts his Patronage, as we his sway;
 Both he supports, and both with Prid Obey;
Wit is a Paradice of Shining Grace,
William supplies the Guardian Angel's place,

While he displays his **Universal Wings**,
We scorn the **Serpent**, and defy his **Stings**;
Let him expose his **Teeth**, he **cannot bite**,
Let him **Scrawl** on; he **knows not how to Write**.

